than a square.

Liberal contracts will be made with those wishing to advertise for three, six or twelve months. Advertising by contract must be confined to the immediate business of the firm or individual contractions.

ing.
Obituary Notices exceeding five lines, Tribute
of Respect, and all personal communications o
matters of individual interest, will be charged for

Original Story.

BERKLEY HALL

BY "LA CAROLINE."

CHAPTER XVII.

"And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear

More than two years had passed away since the incidents related in the last chapter. Mrs. Maham's health having daily become more feeble, she now never left her chamber. The sorrow lines were more deeply marked upon the sweet face of Marion, and poor Harry's wore an unaltered look of care and discontent. Maj. Egan, ever smiling and affable, was still a constant visitor at the Hall, and people said he was affianced to the muchadmired Miss Maham. April had nearly passed away with her fitful moods of smiles and tears. The jessamine and dogwood flowers had lived out their short existence and given place to the more tender and not less attractive floral beauties of the advancing Spring. The air was ladened with their richest fragrance, and the gardens and woodlands of Berkley could boast each morning of some

It was the last week of the month, and one of the brightest days of the week, that we again introduce our reader into the old parlor at Berkley Hall. By one of the open windows, and the only inmate of the room, sat little Jessie Ferguson. Upon her lap lay some freshly gathered roses, which she was idly pulling to pieces. From her long, black lashes one large tear after another dropped slowly upon the rudely handled

A short time elapsed; a light footstep entered the room, and a loving arm was around the sorrowing girl: "O, Jessie, what is the matter? are you sick?"

"Bodily, no; but, oh! Marion, so sick at heart." And Jessie, burying her face in her friend's lap, found relief for her long pent up grief in her sweet sympa-

"The possessor of Harry's love, what great ache can your heart have?" said Marion, smoothing fondly with her hand the tangled curls of the beautiful head.

"Marion, is it possible that you have not observed the great change in Harry? O, he is not the Harry of the happy, happy past! If I believed in wizards and those kind of things, I would think some wicked geni had transformed him. He avoids being alone with me, and even speaks angrily sometimes. But after one of those bursts of anger, he looks so very much distressed and so humble. Poor,

"Leave him alone, and pray for him." said Marion, sadly.

"Leave him to suffer alone! that seems so cruel!" exclaimed Jessie, re-

"I think he would prefer it, Jessie. When Harry, wants our sympathy he will seek it, for he knows well enough how much we love him. But Jessie, do you know that I think a real evil spiritnot a mythical being, not a wicked geni -has found its way into our Eden. But Jess, we must remember that we are cautioned to be 'wise as serpents' as well as 'harmless as doves.' Then, let us keep our own counsel and always meet dear Harry with cheerfulness and love."

Jessie raised her head while Marion was speaking, and when she finished she exclaimed: "Does our wicked geni wear the form of-" but heeding Marion's cautioning look, the name was whispered in her friend's ear. Marion bowed her head in grave acquiescence. A long silence followed, broken again by Jessie:

"Everybody and everything seems to be doing and getting wrong! I feel an all out, but I don't know where to begin, for everybody's actions, or rather the mystery. There is Arthur, he must go to Louisville instead of staying in Charleston to study medicine. Well, he graduated with flying colors, and just when we, as proud and happy as we could have been, were looking for him to come home, uncle received an eloquent letter of thanks for the gift of his profession, and also the liberal check he had sent him. 'A part of the check,' he writes. 'I have invested in a horse called 'Santee,' and will start in a few days for the 'Great West' to look out for a spot to locate and put up 'my shingle.' The naming of his horse was the only thing in the whole letter which expressed a lingering fondness of home and home scenes. I really think 'going West' is a perfect humbug! and Arthur must have found it so, too, for he has been gone more than a year, and has not located yet, and 'Santee' and himself have trod the soil of every State and Territory from the great 'Father of Waters' to the Pacific coast, and from the northern limits of the United States of America to the Gulf of Mexico."

"Have you heard from Arthur recent-

ly?" asked Marion. 'About three weeks ago he wrote that he intended making his way home some time this spring or summer. So, I suppose, he may pop in on us at any time. I do wish he would come and play the role I have marked out for him ever since I was a little girl!" "And what is that?"

"Marry you, and you and he settle down to a quiet every-day life like other people. After all, that sort of life is the happiest. It does well enough to have a few difficulties in the beginning of lovemaking just for the sake of a little romance, but too many makes one feel old and sad;" and Jessie sighed wearily. "But. Marion, do you never hear anything of Hubert Gray now?"

Anderson

Intelligencer.

well together and his guns in fighting

Better than all this, Mr. Gilbert is

onsistent christian of the Methodist

persuasion, and is one of the useful and

ference a lay member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which met at Memphis

Tennessee, in May, 1870, this being the first session of that body after the lait

were admitted to representation. He was again elected delegate to the Gen-eral Conference which met at Louisville,

Kentucky, in 1874. He has been a lay

nember of the South Carolina Annua

were first given the right of representa-tion, and a member of all the district

conferences within the same time, and

with but a single exception. He has been a steward in the Methodist church

at Sumter for twenty years, and the superintendent of the Sabbath-school

connected with that church for ten years

been laboring to improve the financial operations of the Southern Methodist church, and more especially of South Carolina Methodism. Upon this subject

ly in the general, annual and district conferences, as well as in the meetings of his own church and among his own

people. He thinks that the prosperity of the church depends almost entirely upon

members in paying tithes. He urges a more liberal, a giving spirit on the part of all true Christians, and by his persist-

has had the gratification of seeing the

contributions of his own church increas

any permanent good to the State.

Mr. Gilbert was married in Sumte

Take him all in all, Mr. Gilbert is a

servative in sentiment and life, and de

Arithmetic That Was Mistaken.

A farmer in Maine, who had a large

prouting above the soil, was greatly an-

noved by the depredations of crows, which used to congregate in great num-bers in a clump of trees near the bounda-

ry wall, and, after vociferously talking

the matter over for a while, swoop down among the spreading rows. This was

some years ago, before farmers and others had learned that the crow more than pays

are much more expensive pensioners

the farmer vowed vengeance upon the corn pullers, and laid in wait for them

often and long without success. In the

centre of the corn-field was a small board

whenever he was in this building,

upon the agriculturist than crows; an

his board by destroying the insects, which

voted to country.

he has spoken frequently and eloqu

For eight or ten years Mr. Gilbert has

attended each and every one of

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1876. BY HOYT & CO.

me, but I do not, and can never recipro-"Never!" was the laconic reply.

"Well, that is another mystery. Just like a Yank; he pretended to think so much of you all at first, and wrote so often to each member of the family. I rudely. think it is hypocrisy for people to act in that way. He does not even send his paper-his 'Standard of Liberty'-does

"No, the paper has stopped coming. But Jessie, I am sure that Col. Gray is no hypocrite; he never pretended, but really felt kindly to us. You know, you cannot surely have forgotten the obligations we are under to him. We ought to trust our friends, and judge them kindly. Since the close of the war Col. Gray has taken a noble and independent stand, and every one says his paper is fearlessly and honestly conducted, and worthy of its title-'The Standard of Liberty.' We ought to feel glad, too, when Northerners make a bold stand for the liberties of the people. It will help our cause, for our's, you know, is the cause of the country."

"Well, you always did like Hubert Gray, and if he were a noble Confed, I would quake for my pet match! But I am not afraid of any Yank living, even if he wears the handsome form and face of Hubert Gray, and is backed by the high-sounding title of 'Our Protector.' which you are so fond of conferring on him. But here comes the mail bag!" and Jessie seized the bag and glancing rapidly over its contents, threw a bundle of papers on Marion's lap, and ran out of the room exclaiming: "A letter from Arthur! I must read it to cousin Alice!"

With trembling hands Marion selected one with whose type and general appearance she seemed familiar-"The Standard of Liberty." Eagerly with brightening eyes and flushed cheeks she read its pages, and often the red lips would part, and a sweet smile of sympathy and approval would illumine her features as her heart answered the editor's in some noble sentiment eloquently expressed. But suddenly a cry of pain escaped her lips, a deadly pallor had robbed her cheeks of its joyous flush, and her eyes with a look of anguish seemed riveted upon a marriage notice.

The one low cry of pain was followed by a deep hush, which was after some time broken by a clear and unsympatizng voice which spoke over her shoulder: "You have received painful intelligence, Miss Marion." Startled even to alarm. Marion arose hastily from her seat, and turning around encountered the cold and sneering face of Richard Egan, which still wore an unvarying but now unpleas-

In a moment Marion realized that Richard Egan had been sometime in the room; had been reading the paper over poor Harry! I know he has some great her shoulder; had witnessed her emo- floor, and going out called Jessie to his trouble! O. Marion! what ought we to tion, and had possibly guessed its cause. A bright blush of maidenly shame mantled her cheek and brow, even coloring her delicate throat, but with admirable self-command and quiet dignity, she replied: "The happiness of our friends should give us pleasure, not pain. I have just read the marriage notice of our

esteemed friend, Col. Hubert Gray." A scornful smile flitted over the face of Mai. Egan as he said: "It is strange in the expression of deep feeling how like can be the notes of intense joy or bitter grief. I could have sworn that the cry which burst from your lips a few moments since was one of heart broken anguish. But"-and in the clear voice was a ring of mocking malice-"your face is certainly as unruffled as some smooth lake, whose placid surface is undisturbed even by a ripple. But are you quite sure, Marion Maham, that the weal or woe of Col. Gray affects you in the same ratio as that of other and ordinary friends? Answer truly, is Hubert

Gray but an ordinary friend?" Marion lifted her head haughtily, her eyes flashed angrily, but she again answered calmly: "In truth, Col. Gray (as itching desire to pitch in and straighten you well know) is not an ordinary friend of our family, and therefore our esteem is not of an ordinary kind. But unless spring of their actions, are enveloped in Maj. Egan can prove his right to ask impertinent questions, I must decline answering any more of them." With a quiet smile and a ceremonious bow, Marion turned to leave the room, but Richard Egan passionately and almost roughly placed a detaining hand upon her arm, while every feature glowed with

> "Haughty girl! and so you think to foil me by your flimsy evasions, and your well-feigned calmness. But I know, and have known for two years, that you love Hubert Gray! To-day I listened while my heart burned with envy as you spoke of my hated rival words of commendation, I would have given worlds to have heard coupled with my name! for although your speech was calm and your words would pass for friendship's coin. in their ring was love's soft monotone Yes, you love Hubert Grav! I saw your look of anguish, I heard your cry of pain, when you felt that he was lost to you forever! Marion," and here his voice became soft and pleading, "even as you love Hubert Gray; aye, more, a thousand times more passionately do I love you! Be mine, Marion, and so diligent a pupil will I become in sweet love's lore, that I will soon woo you to forget my faithless rival. You well know how long and long years I have borne your coquetry and your frowns, and I have watched fond lovers do. Then, say, have I no

right to question the cause of your

heart's emotions, since mine wear your

"Maj. Egan," said Marion, gravely, you must do me the justice to admit that she would be permitted to speak to that I have never encouraged your ad- Harry when she had been refreshed with dresses, and am therefore clear of your a cup of strong coffee. charge of coquetry. Indeed, you well know that I have repeatedly begged you he stooped to kiss his sister good-morning. In a moment her arms were around to desist your attentions. I fully appreciated the honor you would confer upon him, and she exclaimed entreatingly:

cate your affection."

not!" cried Maj. Egan angrily and "Well, then, I will not!" said Marion

coldly. "This interview is to me both painful and annoying, and with your permission I will retire," and she endeavored to pass around him as he stood between herself and the door.

"No, proud girl, you shall hear me! have loved you with a devotion which I am sold to him body and soul!" shames my manhood. I would have wooed and won you as women love to be won. But it may not be. You have scorned my proffered love, casting it from you as a thing of naught. But you shall be mine. For this hour of sorrow to you. of triumph to me, I have labored and watched for years, and it shall not be in vain. Know, then, that I possess the power to make you mine! The honor of the proud Mahams is at stake! When next we meet you will acknowledge my power, and Marion Maham will then have become the suitor to Richard

"Coward to threaten a woman! I defy you!" With these brave words Marion raised her head proudly and met from Maj. Egan such a look of mingled triumph, rage and scorn, that the flush of pride faded from her cheek, and the words, "the honor of the Mahams is at stake," ringing in her ears, called up the image of Harry. An undefined and horrible fear seized her, and forgetting her pride, her scorn and her anger, she wrung her hands, and lifting her eyes pleadingly to the face of her tormentor in a voice of agony she cried:

"Harry, my poor Harry! O, have mercy, Maj. Egan! have pity on my A mocking, ceremonious bow was his

only reply, and Maj. Egan was gone. "Have mercy!" she tried again to say but her head reeled and she fell heavily upon the floor, completely overcome by her fears, and the many other painful and exciting emotions which had stirred her whole being. Dr. St. Julien in pass ing through the hall heard the fall, and entering the parlor to enquire the cause of the unusual noise, he was greatly shocked and grieved to find his young favorite lying senseless upon the floor, and upon her pale features an expression of agony seemed chiseled.

"My poor child," said the Doctor ten derly, placing his arm under her head, "what can have brought you to this sad plight? what can have brought that look of anguish to your sweet, young face?" But not even an answering look did the pale face return.

The Doctor, not wishing to alarm Mrs Maham, laid her head back softly on the They placed her tenderly in bed, and temples for nearly a half hour before she showed any signs of consciousness. Harry coming into the house soon after Dr. St. Julien had taken her to her chamber, and learning from a little negro whom he met in the hall that "Missie Ma-von is died!" rushed into the room in great alarm, and exclaimed: "Where is Marion? where is my sister! O. Doctor, can't you save our Marion? The girl seemed called back to life by the loved familiar tones, opening her eves slowly, she said wearily, "O, Harry, is it you? I am so glad! I have had such a horrible dream-a terrible night mare!" She then closed her eyes, and became apparently inanimate again. But after several minutes she opened her eyes again, stared wildly around her. and screaming: "Harry, Harry, save

She then became perfectly delirious sometimes pleading in tones of anguish for Harry's safety, then, suddenly changing, she would proudly defy the world to breathe one word of reproach touching the honor of her "dear Harry, her brave

soldier, her noble 'Coeur de Lion!" Vainly did Harry, (who listened with the deepest sorrow and self-reproach to his sister's ravings) endeavor to soothe her by assuring her that he was by her side perfectly safe and well. His voice only seemed to aggravate her fears, and in terror she would exclaim: "O, go, go get out of his way! The evil man pursues you! Oh, Harry, Harry, he seeks your honor and your soul!"

Dr. St. Julien finally insisted upon Harry's leaving the room; "for," he said, "it is evident, Harry, that your presence recalls some horrible dream or disordered fancy, and I fear for her reason." The Doctor then administered an opiate, and he himself watched by his patient, humoring and soothing her fears with tender forbearance, until the anguished expression of her face had given place to a look of patient sorrow, and she had fallen into a calm sleep.

Marion slept until daylight, and when she awoke, Jessie, who had taken the Doctor's place, and was watching anxiously beside her, was greatly relieved to perceive that she was perfectly rational although her first question was for Harry.

"Harry is quite well, but you have been very sick, Marion, and uncle says you must not talk at all. So you see I am under orders."

"O, but I must," said Marion, who had almost instantly upon waking up recalled how truly I have loved you! For two the interview in the parlor with Maj. Egan. "I must see and talk to Harry," and excitedly rising from her pillow, sh and waited for your smiles as only true attempted to get up, but fell back over come by the faintness which is frequently the after-effect of opiates. Jessie, greatly alarmed, called the

Doctor, and Marion, after much earnest persuasion, obtained from him a promise

Harry was pale and much agitated a

"O, Harry, dear Harry, tell me all !me, I beseech you, by what power Maj. Egan controls you and threaten's me! Brother, brother, do not ask me to marry that wicked man! Anything else, anything. I would even die for you, my

"And did Dick Egan dare to threaten you?" asked Harry, his eyes flashing, and his whole frame trembling with anger; "he shall account to me for it, if

"O, Harry, Harry! do not say you are tell me quickly, or I will go crazy !"

"Hush, hush, sweet sister," said Harry, soothingly, "I will not tell you anything if you look so wildly at me." Then, as briefly as possible, he told, as the reader already knows, the story of the borrowed money and the mortgage of Berkley Hall. "And now," he said, "the money borrowed is due, and I have it not to return. Egan can foreclose the mortgage in June, and proposes to do so unless you will promise to marry him. He thinks you will marry him sooner than have the old place sold."

"And is that all!" said Marion, with a

"All, Marion! yes truly it is all; and how much worse could it be?" said Harry, gazing upon his sister in amazement "It is very unfortunate. But, oh! Harry, I thought it was something disgraceful. To give up the old place will tree, with its trunk and

make us very, very sad, but many others have had to part with their loved homes, and we will be rich in each other's love; and, oh! Maj. Egan said the honor of the Mahams was at stake." "And so it is," said Harry, bitterly,

"the last Maham, like a cowardly poltroon, shirking his heaven-assigned work, upon a foolish throw has risked and lost upon a foolish throw has risked and lost in completing only a few weeks before the home of his fathers! But that is not her death, which occurred about four or the worst. In the eyes of the world I five years since. There is a good deal in will be a common defrauder. The mortgage is worthless, because I did not obtain your and my mother's consent, and although Egan was not deceived, he threatens to hold me up to the public scorn as a treacherous friend and a faithless son and brother. He will press the mortgage, valueless as he knows it to be, to stain the name of Maham, unless you will promise to marry him. He urged me to persuade you, but I told him I sister to sacrifice her affections for my welfare. No, not if it saves my neck from the gallows! Egan told me you had rejected him with scorn, and he left Berkley Hall vesterday in a passion. But I did not know he had offered you

I knew my brother could not act dishon-Dear mamma and I will, of upon him for a number of years. course, yield our claims to the property course, yield our claims to the property, and then no suspicion of dishonor can the Southern Chronicle at Columbia, it rest upon you. After all, we were a party in your risk; had you succeeded we too, would have been gainers, and it Gilbert received his first lessons in the is but right we should share your loss. We will, of course, shed a few natural tears over the dear old house and its sweet, sweet memories, but both you and I are young, and can work for dear mamma, and it will be such a pleasure to care on April 29th. This venture proved

"Ah, that is the bitter drop!" claimed poor Harry, "that I, her only son, her protector, should have robbed my poor mother of her all-her home! No. no. Marion, it cannot be! mamma must never know anything about it. The disgrace is mine, I have merited and the country was rent and torn by the re-I must bear it. That poor pitiful thing, a moral coward, I will not consent to be. I will meet the finger of scorn; mamma must be spared."

"O, Harry, you can never be yourself until you are freed from Maj. Egan's influence. I will undertake to tell your whole story to dear mamma in such a way that her grief in parting with Berkley Hall will be swallowed up in an inexressible thankfulness that her children have escaped the snare laid for their

unwary feet." "Thank you, Marie," said Harry, kiss ing his sister, "you have always, even when we were children, tried to bear my sorrows and cover my faults, and I fear you have spoiled me. I don't think I can agree to your plans. To me they seem very selfish. But," he continued, seeing that Marion looked disappointed, we will talk of it another time. With such a mother and sister I cannot stray

Marion. "Now go, dear Harry, and make a clear breast to Jessie. Poor little thing, she has been grieving sadly over your moody looks and ways. She has even imagined that you had become weary of her love. Only yesterday she said: 'Ah! Marion if I only knew how to do it, I would release dear Harry from his engagement. People, I have heard, do make mistakes sometimes, and he and I have always lived in such affectionate and familiar intercourse, it is natural Harry should have thought he loved until he found out he loves some one else better. And you know I am not as pretty as a great many of the girls. But, oh! Marie, I could, indeed, I could, give him up to make him happy!' and then the poor little thing swallowed a great

"Jessie not pretty!" said Harry, "why she is the prettiest and most graceful little creature I ever saw! I would like to see the girl who can compare with her on a horse! Poor little darling," he continued, somewhat sadly; "I have in truth been a rough bear, lately, and will have to go over my courting days to convince my little lady that she, and she only reigns 'queen of my heart.'"

"And now go," said Marion, "to Jessie and I will go to convince dear mamma that I am not seriously sick.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Abbeville Medium. trim. At the Greensboro' surrender as lieutenant commanding, and the only commissioned officer with the Battery, he surrendered one hundred men, two Why are you so unhappy? and oh, tell PEN PICTURES OF THE PRESS.

A. A. GILBERT.

twenty pound Napoleon guns, two twelve pound Howitzers, with equipments com-plete and everything in fighting order. His battery was the last to surrender, the A. A. Gilbert is one of the most pleasant and agreeable gentlemen we ever met, and for more than a quarter of century has been closely identified with ber under General Johnson, being in a demoralized condition. Without com-plement of men or horses enough to carry them to Greensboro' they were left the journalism of South Carolina either as a compositor or as an editor and pub-lisher in his own right. He hails from Sumter, and is the editor-in-chief of the Sumter Watchman, one of the most in- in the camps. Mr. Gilbert's account of the surrender, and the feelings that overfluential newspapers in the State, and a owered him when he went out on the fair index of the conservative sentiment field to give up his guns, is touching. The fate that overtook him was inexoraof the section in which it is published. sold to that dreadful man! Tell me all? At the organization of the State Press tell me quickly, or I will go crazy!" Association in May, 1875, Mr. Gilbert ole—there was no escape and he had to face it. When he gave up the guns he had fought so manfully for so many years and turned his back upon them forever he could not restrain himself and took an active and important part, and was unanimously elected Recording Sec-retary of the Association. Mr. Gilbert was born at Walterboro

Colleton county, South Carolina, on November 19th, 1829, and is now in the

forty-seventh year of his age. He is a direct descendant of that band of hardy and adventurous spirits who, taking their storms and tempests of the wide Atlantic and landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620, his paternal ancestor making one of the passengers and crew of the Mayflower. His father was a native of New Haven, in the good old State of Connecticut, reyouth and settled at Walterboro', wher he was married to Elizabeth Thornton and to which union the subject of thi the mother of Mr. Gilbert, was connected by a direct line of descent with the ole English Thornton family, now so widely known throughout the world. Mr. Gil bert now has in his possession a family traces this connection back from his own household to the landing of John and Thomas Thornton at Boston in 1662, and from there back to the first establishment of the family in England. This tree branches of the family, with birth, marriage and death dates, the collection of which data formed the work of Mrs. Gil

withstanding. Mr. Gilbert was christened in the old Presbyterian church at Walterboro' when a small boy, by the father of the distinguished Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New limited he did not enjoy the advantage of a first-class collegiate education. He was put to school at the Walterboro' Academy, which from 1835 to 1840 was one of the most famous schools in that enerous and rather extensive patronag from all of the surrounding parishes. was here that young Gilbert received his first mental instruction, and it is said that he was a most earnest and devoted student. He was quick to learn, and had an expansive mind and a retentive mem-The death of his father in 1841 ory. The death of his father in 1841 sadly interfered with his progress at school, and forced him to a partial donment of his books to look after th "Thank you, dear Harry, for your love. | welfare of a family of six almost helpless children, whose support mainly devolved

being under the editorial charge of Sam uel Weir, and the only Whig paper ever published in South Carolina. Here Mr. art of printing, and acquired that taste for journalistic work which induced him to make it his fixed and single employ ment for life. In 1850 he publication of the Watchman at Sumter, and issued the first number of that pape eminently successful, and has held up manfully against a hundred reverse since its first establishment. In paper was suspended for about six onths, on account of the depredations of Potter's colored raiders, who visited Sumter and destroyed the office and fixtures of the Watchman. This was in April, 1865, when money was scarce and sults of the war, but such was the indo itable energy and perseverance of Mr. Gilbert that he had his paper on its legs again, and tried to educate the people the changed condition of things and the necessities of the situation. He advocated the acceptance of the results of the war in good faith, and argued that quiet ibmission to the United States Govern-

lthough he was quite concealed from the crows, they would never come down to be shot. As soon as he left the field ment did not necessarily destroy loyalty to the State. He had been to the front, lowever, they would come down by hunand fought the Yankees for three years dreds. They could evidently count one and knew the folly and sin of longer re The idea occurred to him to test their sistance. He favored a strictly conserva further skill in mathematics. The next tive policy on the part of the people, and day he took his son into the shanty, and has kept this one idea steadily in view after a long time sent him home, thinkin the conduct of his newspaper ever ing that after the crows had seen one since the war, and has been so persistent in behalf of peace and reconciliation person leave the field they would suppose the danger past, and come down. But they wisely kept aloof, and not until after he had himself started for home did that he has been severely censured b many of the extreme men on both side the political fence. He feels a deaththey venture to alight in the corn. ess interest in the welfare of the State in The next day he took two persons with him, with the same result; first one person left the field, then another, the all her interests, and while many good men may differ with him in their notions of "policy," his patriotism has been proved, and he is now above reproach. Mr. Gilbert belongs to that excellent crows cawing their approval, but remaining in their safe position, and not until a third person had been seen to depart from the field would the cunning creaclass of gentlemen who went into the war and stayed there, and has an army tures trust themselves within gunshot of the little building. The next day half a dozen persons entered it. Presently one of them went back across the field. The He entered the Confederate Service as senior First Lieutenant of the Washing-Light Artillery, one of the most chival rous and best drilled corps sent out by crows mentioned the fact among themthis State. He enlisted in June, trees. Another person went away, with the same result. Directly a third and continued in service until the final surrender at Greensboro', North Carolina, emerged from the building and disapin May, 1865. In the early part of his peared. The unhappy crows, having reached the end of their mathematical service Mr. Gilbert was stationed at Wagner, in Charleston Harbor. rope, came down in platoons to their de and took part in repelling several of the most terrible assaults made on that deferred breakfast, unaware of the thre armed enemies still remaining in the He fought his guns with despebuilding, who at once opened fire upon the poor birds, whose great misfortune was that they were unable to count more the greatest gallantry. He was a long while in service on James' Island, and than three. from there along the line of our coast de-This experiment was tried repeatedly, fences to Savannah, Georgia. He took with six, seven, and eight persons; but the crows never failed to take the posiart in the fiercely fought battle of Honey Hill, near Grahamville, where tion that there could be no more the Arsenal boys, under General Chestthree, and when three departed they invariably descended to their doom. nut, behaved so well. In this battle Mr.

Gilbert's gallantry was conspicuous. He

was everywhere present, and is men by his own courageous chivalry. great many professed Christians have no other idea of religion than that it is the He was at the fall of Savannah, and retreated from thence to Charleston by a means of getting to Heaven when they nost perilous line of march. From Charleston the retreat was continued die. while they live, it does not enter into their plans. I tell you, my brethren, I cross the Pee Dee into North Carolina to Greensboro', where the last surrender their plans. I tell you, my brethren, I took place. This retreat was most perildo not believe there is one in five hunous and exhaustive. It was continued dred of such professors that will reach Heaven: for there is a magnanimity in for eight or ten weeks, through a country poorly supplied with provisions and true religion that is above all such con-provender, in the face of a foe vastly temptible meanness." The Madison Home Journal tells superior in numbers and flushed with — The Madison Home Journat tells victory, and was an almost constant suc- this: A Morgan county farmer, who could aperior in numbers and flushed

of surprises and assaults. It was not buy provisions on time, got guan in this most trying period of his army on credit without any trouble, cash at reduced prices, and now his larder came out most distinctly. He was is full and he has some spare change yet always at his post, kept his command on hand.

WHY LINCOLN WAS ASSASSINATED How John Wilkes Booth Avenged the Hanging of his Friend, John Y. Beal.

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From Pomeroys Democrat.

Among the chosen friends of John Wilkes Booth's boyhood was a dashing, hivalrous young man named John home was in the beautiful henandoah Valley not far from Wincheser. Damon and Pythias were not more attached to each other than were Booth and Beal. Beal was Southern in his sympathies, and planned raids on Northern cities, and at last was captured

cupied by Washington McLean of Cin-cinnati, who was at the time in Washparoled and returned to his home, and ington in the interest of his business .egan the work of repairing his wasted These men who called were Senator Hale of New Hampshire and John Wilkes Mr. Gilbert has taken an influential part in the politics of his county since life of Beal, his chum and confidential the war, and in 1865 was elected to the personal friend. He had interested Mr. personal friend. He had interested Mr. Hale in his behalf. Legislature from Sumter county at the ead of the ticket. He served in that

They importuned McLean to go with them to the President, as a Democrat-as body through two regular and two extra ons, and always voted with the right
He has an impressive way of much influence with Mr. Lincoln, and to telling what he knows, and during his vouch with Mr. Hale for any promises Booth might make in return for this legislative career did some excellent great favor to him. After a protracted interview, McLean accompanied Hale and Booth in a carriage to the residence of John W. Forney, who was then in bed, the hour being late. Forney was awakened from his sleep and told the obin this State. In December, 1869, he was elected by the South Carolina Conject of his call. His sympathies were enlisted, as he was always ready to serve

It was an hour or more past midnight when Hale, Forney, McLean and Booth were driven to the White House. The guard, at the request of Forney, admit-ted the carriage to the grounds. Mr. Lincoln was called from his sleep and there in the dead of night, he sat and listened to the prayers of Booth and the endorsements of those who came with im to ask the favor of Executive clem-

ng. It was one of tears, prayers and peti-ions. There was not tions. There was not a dry eye in the room as Booth knelt at the feet of Lincoln, clasped his knees with his hands, and begged him to spare the life of one man—a personal friend who in serving the ones he loved, had come to the door

Booth told all. He told how, long before, in a fit of passion to do some bold deed, he had joined in a conspiracy to abduct the president and to hold him as a hostage for the release of certain military prisoners who were Booth's friends, and who, it was thought, were to be shot. He told of the meetings than had helder He told of the meetings they had held at the house of Mrs. Surratt, and all of the plans had fallen to the ground long before. He offered his services at any time and in any place or capacity, free of cost and fearless of consequences. ent and unremitting labor in this behalf has had the gratification of seeing the with him joined in the request that the prayer of Booth be granted, and that

Beal should be pardoned.

At last President Lincoln, with tears society and the growth of the country, and so long as men refuse to aid in the streaming down his face, took Booth by the water is above or below the surface, the hands, bade him rise and stand like Subterranean water currents have caused the destruction of ryany trees. spread of the Gospel by giving liberally a man, and gave him his promise that of their means they stand in the way of Beal should be pardoned. He asked the for the work of the morrow, and said that the official document that they county on February 14, 1850, to Sarah asked for should be forwarded at once to Ellen Flowers, a superior woman, who in New York, and through him to the officers charged with the execution of nost excellent gentleman. He is con-

After breakfast Lincoln informed Seward, Secretary of State, what he had done or promised to do. Seward said that it nust not be: that public sentiment in the North demanded that Beal should be hung. He declared that to pardon Beal would discourage enlistments, lengthen the war, and insult the sentiment that called for blood. He chided Lincoln for making such promises without asking the advice of his Cabinet, or advising with himself, Seward, on State policy. As the argument grew contentious, Sew ard declared that if the conduct of the war was to be trifled with by appeals for hu-manity he should go out of the Cabinet and use his influence against the President, and should charge him with being in sympathy with the South. Lincoln yielded and Beal was executed. The reaction on Lincoln's nervous system wa

such that for days he was far The effect on Booth was terrible. He raved like a madman, and in his frenzy swore that Lincoln and Seward should both pay for the grief and agony he had been put to. From the death of Beal, Booth, brooded vengeance for that which he considered a personal affront. His rage took in Seward, and he engaged Harold. Atserodt and others to avenge Beal's death by killing Seward, while he Booth, wreaked human vengeance on the

At last came the hour. Booth killed Lincoln. His friends and the relatives or avengers of Beal tried their best to till Seward, and when they left him stabbed, bleeding, and limp as a cloth, as he rolled over behind the bed whereon they found him, they supposed their work was completely done.

truth of history, and told exactly why Abraham Lincoln, the humane President f the United States, was killed.

"CRIMINAL INTENT."-A man about fifty-five years old, having red hair and whiskers, took a liking to a woman in Detroit, says the *Free Press*, and after an hour's conversation, made her an offer of marriage, explaining that he was a widower, and worth four or five thousand dol lars. Thinking to have some fun at his expense, the woman replied that she would talk to him if he would go and lave his hair and whiskers dyed. He oyfully trotted away, and a barber mad the change. It was a sick change, and when the old man returned to the market, the women up there laughed till the

"Are you making fun of me?" serious inquired the widower.
"Oh! what a man—oh!

shouted the female who had promised to be his own true love. When he discovered that she had been trifling with his feelings he went down to the central station and told his

ing to his hair and whiskers. "Where's

my twelve shillings gone!"

The captain replied that he had go away and not make a fuss, but the old man was aroused, and he footed it to the police court, and was last seen sitting on the edge of a crippled caneseat chair and emanding of the clerk:
"I will have a warrant! It's crimina

intent, I tell you, and somebody's got to This is the season of the year when

a man wonders whether he will have his hair cut or wait till he won't catch cold.

LEGAL ADVERTISING.—We are compelled to require cash payments for advertising ordered by Executors, Administrators and other fiduciaries, and herewith append the rates for the ordinary notices, which will only be inserted when the money comes with the order:

Citations, two insertions, - - - \$3.00

Estate Notices, three insertions, - 2.00

Final Settlements, five insertions, - 3.00 Estate Notices, three insertions - 3.00
Final Settlements, five insertions - - 3.00
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to receive

LIGHTNING AND THUNDERSTORM. iome Interesting Facts and Theories from Rev. Dr. Harrison.

Apropos of storms and electricity, will ou permit me to answer, through your columns, a number of inquiries? As you are, in some sort, responsible for the questions propounded to me, I feel sure that you will allow me a little space for

a general reply.

It is highly probable that this spring and summer will be as remarkable for thunderstorms and vivid displays of elec-Northern lakes, and sentenced to be hanged on Bedloe's Island.

One afternoon, in the city of Washington, while Beal was under sentence of death, there alighted from the carriage two men, who walked into the room control of the control of the control of two men, who walked into the room control of the control of the carriage two men, who walked into the room control of the carriage two men, who walked into the room control of the carriage two men, who walked into the room control of the carriage two men, who walked into the room control of the carriage that the ca tion to these.

An imperfect lightning rod on a build-

ground connections are broken, or, which often amounts to nearly the same thing, nallow, as to bear the base of the rod in a dry dust the electric point will attract the fluid only to disperse it, if a shorter, more direct route to the moist earth can be found. The base of the rod should lie in all instances below the frost line, to meet and preserve a moist connection having apparently good lightning rods have been struck by lightning, the rea-son, I think, will be found in the suggestion just made.

The insulation of the rod from the roof

and sides of the building is not necessary, but I think it is advisable, for reasons which I presume I need not give, as the practice of insulation is general.

practice of insulation is general.

On the approach of a black, sullen cloud, especially when the atmosphere has been sultry and oppressive to the lungs, there will generally be noticed a cool breeze, the forerunner of the gale and the rain. At the first onset of this cool breeze, open the windows and doors of the house as wide as possible—all the windows and doors if practicable—that the electric fluid inside the house may be without. Many persons are accustomed to do the very opposite. They close windows and doors, and consequently the air-draft up the chimney sends a spire of electricity to draw the bolt from the upper regions of the air. Hence, our chimney flues are the usual scene of dam-

age by electricity.

As soon as the equilibrium of the atmosphere within and without the house is established, then close the windows

ored. The lack of ventilation in these buildings render them, for reasons given above, more liable to be struck by light-

ning than any others.

Trees which overhang streams of water, such as rivulets and brooks, are always dangerous in thunderstorms. It is not always the highest tree which is struck by lightning, but the one that is n the most direct path to water, whether the destruction of many trees.

In cities, the frequent ventilation of magazine of fixed electricity is a danessential to health, and the electrical equipoise outside and inside of the buildng will prevent, as far as human wisdom an prevent, the destruction of life by

ghtning. A solitary tree in a large field or plain s a dangerous shelter in a thunderstorm. Better get thoroughly out than to cross

the path of the lightning. If a genuine cyclone approaches, or a sure storm, the best refuge is a cella underground. That may not always fur-nish protection, but nothing else will.

Above all, let us commit ourselves, at ll times into the hands of the gracious Providence, whose ministers the storms and the lightnings are. A storm may mur, if we cannot understand, the ways Him who inhabiteth eternity. He who often speaks in our day, as in that purpose now than He had then, to re-prove, to rebuke, but also to bless our

Pass On. Pass On!-"In nine cases heats you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if healan-ders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with. Lies unchased will die; fires unfanned will burn out; and quarrels neglected become as dull as the crater of an extinct volcano.

If you resist evil, and claim your

you, you may keep yourself in a perpet-ual broil, lose much and gain nothing by the operation. Pass on, and get out of the dust; leave lies, quarrels and jangles behind you. Most people, when they hear you talked about, would like to hear just what you think about the stories. If you stop to bandy words and fight battles, they will conclude you think it a serious matter. If you go about your business, they will conclude that if you do not notice it there is no reason why you should. Let your soul rest secure in innocency, and not in hypocrisy, in real trust in God, and not in affected indifference to the opinions of men, and you can walk calmly and safetrife not surprised at trials, nor disconcerted at wrongs, but full of faith, and hope, and love, and joy, and peace. And though fiery trials may assail you, and you may feel the strife and sting of lying tongues, yet if you fly to God for rest and refuge, he will protect, defend, deliver, and save.

A PERPLEXED INDIAN.—Somebody dropped some quicksilver on the side walk in Montana, and an Indian tried to pick it up. First he made a grab at it with his thumb and forefinger, and was astonished when he found he couldn't pick it up. He was determined to have that quicksilver anyhow; so he unwound a handkerchief from his hat, and spreading it on the ground got a chip and scraped the quicksilver into it. A look of triumph shot from his eagle eye as he gather: I up the four corners of the handkerchief, but it was replaced by one of horror and disgust when the metal run through the fabric like water through lay on the ground in a puzzled sort of way for a moment, he launched a vicious kick at it, and uttering an angry ejacula-tion, he turned on his heel and left the quicksilver for some other untutored son of the forest to experiment on.